GREAT SITUATIONS PREPARED AND DESTROYED.

Wagner's Incontinent Outbreak on Judalam in Music-Meyerbeer Simply a Seeker After Applause - Mme. Eames's Aspirations—Our Orchestras.

When Richard Wagner, in one of those outbursts of spleen which were caused by put. lic indifference to the only true and righteous creed of art, namely, his, let himself loose in a tirade against others to whom popular approval had been granted, and wrote that highly spiced and altogether intemperate paper entitled "Das Judenthum in Musik," his text was that no man of Hebraic origin had ever done anything noble in musical art! Of course the theories which he advanced in order to support his proposition were wholly untenable and if the Hebrew were not always supersensitive about attac's on his racial qualities, he could well have afforded to read the outbreak with a smile. It did him no harm and it did Wagner no good. Furthermore, there are persons who say that they firmly believe Wagner to have been, not the son of the police clerk of Leipsic, but of Ludwig Geyer, who is on record as his stepfather. If that be true, then the blood of Judah was in Wagner's veins, and he was a recreant.

But in the essay referred to the composer of "Rienzi," a grand opera of the old school, built on the Meyerbeerian ground plan and as full of cheap theatrical devices as anything the master of the French lyric stage ever wrote, attacked Meyerbeer with a critical acumen that was rare even in the polemical works of the Bay ceuth propagandist. He declared that Meverbeer addressed himself to a public whose total confusion of taste provided him with his opportunity That public had been, by a series of downward steps, led aside from the consideration of anything in the shape of a genuine dramatic art-work. Public resorts were crowded with a society seeking simply relief from boredom. That relief could not be found in a serious work of art, because that merely seduced this society into another form of boredom. Wagner said "duped into another form." Now the catering for this deception,"

he continued, "that famous composer has made the task of his artistic life. There is no object in more closely designating the artistic means he has expended on the reaching of this life's aim; enough that, as we may see by the result, he knew completely how to dupe; and more particularly by taking that jargon which we have already characterized and palming it upon his audience as the modern piquant utterance of all the trivialities which so often had been set before them in all their natural foolishness. That this composer took thought also for thrilling situations and the effective weaving of emotional catastrophes need astonish none who know how necessarily this sort of thing is wished by those whose time hangs heavily upon their hands; nor need any wonder that in this aim he succeeded, too, if they will but ponder well the reasons why in such conditions, the whole was bound to prosper with him. In fact, this composer pushes his deception so far that he ends by deceiving himself and, je chance, as purposely as he deceives his bored admirers.

"Bored admirers" is as good as "mobled queen." Wagner was a cheerful critic and always said kind things of others. One can readily discern, however, in this specimen of his vituperative style a keen perception of certain artistic truths which have nothing in the world to do with the race or creed of Jacob Meyerbeer. The truth is that this composer worshipped the great god Success. He was eager for public applause, and he earnestly studied the means whereby it could be gained. His operas show the greatest skill in planning effects. They are masterpieces of stagecraft. Dramatists of the spoken play could learn not a little from studying these works.

How often do we read of a piece of in strumental music, especially a symphony that it was "well made," but that it had no substantial beauty. How excellently this description would fit many of the works of Meyerbeer. Yet it would need some modification. As Wagner truthfully said, the man knew how to introduce thrilling situations and to weave emotional catastrophes. So do Henry Arthur Jones and Arthur Wing Pinero. Certain other dramatists, whose names and titles must be reserved for the dramatic department,

Meyerbeer's "Le Prophète," which was revived at the Metropolitan Opera House on Wednesday night contains several notable situations and, as for emotional catastrophes, it contains at least one great enough for a Snakespearian tragedy. The denial of her motherhood by Fides in the cathedral scene is a masterpiece of dramatic power. But for the matter of that the entire story of the "Prophet" is dramatic, and some of Meyerbeer's music is

Why, then, do certain observers of lyric art refuse to accord to this opera a place among the masterworks of the stage Let us try in a word to account for this Take the first act, for instance. Fides and Bertha make an appeal, passionate, tearful, to Oberthal, the oppressor. What is the musical treatment? A duet in thirds with ascending scales and a deliberately shaped cadenza at the end, for no reason in the world, but to claim the applause of an unthinking public. The public is asked to disregard the text which the two women are singing, to forget the emotions under which they are supposed to be struggling. and to note simply the ease and brilliancy of their vocal execution. In other words, Meyerbeer prepares through a whole act a dramatic situation and then deliberately destroys it for the sake of an empty musi-

In the scene of the temptation he again ruins a fine dramatic situation by yielding to the temptation to tickle the public car with an ingenious treatment of four male voices. Yet in this scene he gives us two of those inspirations which argue most powerfully for his claims to greatness. The first is the superb air, "Ah, mon fils." sung by the mother, and the second is his employment in the orchestral accompaniment to John's relation of his dream of a strain of music not heard again till the scene of the coronation. That touch is almost as fine as some things in the lead-

ing motive system of Wagner. The trio of the men in the tent scene i another instance of Meyerbeer's weakness. It is a trio pure and simple, and when one of the Anabaptists strikes a light, so as to ascertain the identity of the visitor, who turns out to be the hated Oberthal. he strikes his flint and steel together some six or eight times, always repeating the same words, till the musical climax reached. Then the light flares up. Both musically and dramatically this is a piece of absurdity, but Meyerbeer was thinking only of the opportunity to write a trio and to tickle the ears of a public brought up on a pleasing alternation of set musical

The most convincing example of the com-

THE WORKS OF MEYERBEER. poser's striving after effect and of its destructive results is the great coronation scene. Here Meverbeer exercises all the resources of his unquestioned talent, all the materials of his extraordinary craft,

to build up an imposing picture as the frame for a powerful situation. The pomp and gorgeousness of the ceremony are to be contrasted with the poverty of appearance and the despairing emotion of the mother. Mr. B lasco in his proudest moments never conceived anything theatrically more effective.

The stirring music of the coronation march, a very imposing piece of music, whatever critics may choose to say about it, opens the scene and inspires the mind with triumphal thoughts. The chorus of the censer boys sings impressively. Priest and acolytes, soldiers and courtiers throng the stage. At length comes the crucial moment. If John's mother claims him, he is no Prophet, but a plain innkeeper. Death hovers in the air and drawn daggers gleam. He asks her if he is her son. She sobs, "No, I was deceived. I have no son."

Then she bursts into a solo of which the music is so ridiculously cheap and trivial that there is no descriptive epithet to fit it. But it is the theme of the finale and it is spirited, brilliant and easy for the auditor to remember. So Meverbeer's process of cold calculation stands out in bare relief. and any one who puts value on honesty of art is filled with vain regrets.

Such is the nature of the work of this gifted man. He is continually approach- the bad actor, always with us? ing great things, and just as continually throwing in his own path the insurmountable obstacle of a greedy desire for the immediate crepitation of applause. And that applause is so easy to get! Meyerbeer could have had it at half the price. His works hold the stage by the torce of the big ideas which are in them, by the cleverness of the stage craft with which those ideas are presented, and in spite of the anti-climaxes in which they abound.

That he had a greater influence on the development of modern opera than any other composer is undoubtedly true, for such writers as Spontini, Auber, Mehul, Halevy, Massenet, Gounod, Reyer, Saintsams, Franchetti, Puccini, even Verdi, and in "Rienzi" Wagner himself owe to him their skill in the arrangement of effective alternations of scenes and situations. Great is the spirit of commercialism, even in

The week which has just ended had other interesting features. One of them was Emma Eames's assumption of the rôle of Tosca, but discussion of that has been published in these columns within twentyfour hours. Something will have to be said later about this admired artist's aspirations to become a dramatic soprano.

It used to be a familiar saying in the theatrical business that no woman was old enough to act Juliet till she was too old to look the part. In operatic oircles Juliet is easily within the reach of the young and beautiful sopranos, thanks to Gounod's moonlight music and rose-tinted passion. But Isolde is not for the children of song. despite the remarkable achievement of George Moore's Evelyn Inness. Let us tope that when Mme. Eames comes to sing ie ide she will be able to look the ravishing Irish Princess. Incidentally let us also hope that she will be able to sing the

Another feature of the past week was the visit of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. It has been said that the writer of this department praises the Boston orchestra at the expense of home organizations. That is an incontestable statement. Such praise will continue to appear in this place from time to time with 'occasional intervals for rest and refreshment," till this writer departs or till Boston ceases to have a better orchestra than New York. The fact that there is in this city a determined opposition to all efforts to supply New York with an orchestra suitable to the needs of the city showing the greatest amount of musical activity will not operate to alter the views expressed here.

This is strity a department of critirism. It is not the advocate of any interest or policy. The naked truth is that New York has not such an orchestra as it ought to have. The argument that it does not need one because all the good orchestras from other cities come here to give concerts is an open confession of weakness. New York, the largest and richest and most industriously musical of American cities, ought to be sending orchestras to play in the other towns. We ought to have an orchestra of our own so goed that it could supply all the orchestral concerts we need and even shut out the visiting organizations.

Yet we are actually asked to pocket our pride and not do anything toward organizing a permanent orchestra of our own because Boston's orchestra is good enough for us. So it is; but is it not humiliating to think that a city with one-seventh the population of ours and about one per cent. of our number of wealthy men can possess an orchestra ranked second to none in the world? Some day something is going to be done about this matter. there will be weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth, but the world must W. J. HENDERSON.

NOTES OF MUSIC EVENTS.

The programme for the coming week at pera is as follows: Monday, "La Boheme," with Mme. Sembrien, Mme. Scheff, Messrs, de Marchi Gillbert and Journey: Wednesday, "Le Nozze di Figaro," Mmes. Sembrien, Eames and Scheff, Messrs, de Reszke, Campanari and Gillbert: Friday, "Tristan und Isolde." Mines. Nordica and Kirkby-Lunn, both of whom will appear for the first time this season, the latter for the first time in America: Messrs, Anthes, van Rooy and de Reszke; Saturda;

The Kneisel Quartet will give its second concert Mendelssohn Hall on Tuesday night. The cogramme will consist of Scaubert's A minor quartet, Strauss's E flat sonata for plane and violin and Hayda's quartet in D minor, op. 78, No. 2. Frederic Lamond will be the planist.

The first concert of the fifth season of the Choral

Elliot Schenck will give a concert of his own compositions at the New York College of Music on

Wednesday evening.

The date of the third Wetzler symphony concert has been changed from Jan. 6 to Jan. 3. Mme. Schumann Heink will be the soloist. Strauss's Also Sprach Zarathustra" will be a feature of the

The next concert of the Philhar monic Society will take place at Carnegie Hall on Saturday evening, preceded by the customary public rehearsal on Friday afternoon. The list will be Berlioz's "Benvenuto Celilni" overture, Brahms's second sym phony, Saint-Saëns's C minor plano concerto and the prelude and finale of Wagner's Tristan und The soloist will be Raoul Pugao. The first concert of the Musical Art Society will be given at Carnegle Hall on Thursday night.

! uel From a Cemeters.

From the Bustin Herald PORTLAND, Me., Dec. 10.—To alleviate n some degree the saferings of the poor on account of the searcity of fiel, Mayor Boothby has arranged with the trustees of Evergreen Cemetery to deliver, in small lots, to all needy scekers, at the actual cost of cutting, all the wood that is being cleared from the new section of the cemetery. It is to be sold at \$2.65 per half cord, each purchase being limited to one load. The regular price of hard wood here is \$12 a cord. chase being limited to one toad. The price of hard wood here is \$12 a cord.

THEMES OF THE DRAMATISTS.

MADNESS ON THE STAGE AND MR. MANSFIELD AS BRUTUS.

One Great Element in Great Plays-Not a Week of Theatrical Novelties-Julia Marlowe in "The Cavaller"-Hauptmann's "Lonely Lives" Produced

The critic, whether dramatic, musical or literary, has been called a parasite of the body artistic; if this cunning comparison obtains, then the critic has his own criticules, his own tiny tribe of parasites. He is the biter bit, the engineer hoist by his own petard, or any other pretty simile you choose to imagine. All this is suggested by the quality and quantity of criticism a professional critic receives in his mail every week. There be those who spend their hours bent over a magnifying glass, and when a defect, fancied or real. s discovered, from a cleft infinitive to an erroneous date, forthwith is the fact dropped in'o our mail box.

Some of these complaints are well grounded, for who is not fallible? Some are couched in malice, some conceived in ignorance; but let the galled jade wince, our patience is unwrung. We would rather hazard something new on the slippery slopes of theory than restate an accepted truth Besides, have we not the statistician, like

Among the many letters that have lately reached us there are several deserving easonable replies. For example, one genleman demands why we spoke of Alma l'adema's knowledge of Greek archæology. We wrote Greek, we meant Greek breece is to him an open book. Knowing ireece so well, Rome could take care of tself. He also queried the statement that Julius Cæsar was an epileptic. If Shakespeare himself is not enough as an authority, why there remains Plutarch; not to adduce estimony of the malicious Suctonius.

In Act I., scene II. of "Julius Casar" Casca hus relates to Brutus and Case us the deails of Casar's attack: "He fell down in he market place and foame I at mouth and was speechless." To which Brutus laconically replies: "'Tis very like; he hath the falling sickness." Now, this same alling sickness, also called the sacred sickness, because of its attacking inspired people, sybils, men of genius, sooth savers, prophets, is in our modern speech epilepsy. Casar was an epileptic; so were Napoleon Mobère, Petrarch, Peter the Great, Handel, Mahomet, Swift, Richelieu, Charles V., Flaubert, DostcI-wsky and St. Paul. The diship of genius to disease-say motory pilepsy-has been denied, but it would eem that the alienists have made out a good case. Shakespeare, of all writers, has been the most successful in setting before us types of genius troubled with mental maladies. Is Hamlet quite sane? Is he not afflicted by folie du doute? And has not the great poet-alienist pictured with matchless skill every fine shade of is mania, from halting irresolution, wherein he even doubts the existence of the apparition, to homicidal madness? And Hamlet's sovereign intelligence is never quite overthrown, for if it were his would be a case for the madhouse, not for pay chological dissection. Again, is it not the analysis of the mental states of the two Macbeths that makes the tragedy subime? And what of that growning study of royal imagination wrecked, of the kingly Lear, with his crazy jester and faithful follower, simulating folly? These may be supreme studies in morbid pathology. but are they not Shakespeare's?

Epilepsy is, as Edgar Saltus wittily says. the only disease that ever founded a religion;" and this holds good from the visionary ness still hover in the latent folds of our Lessing's 'Emilia Galotti," To-nightmasked or intermittent epilepsy, hysteria muscularis or its pyschic equivalent, that often accounts for the creative powers of a genius and the vagaries of our own Edgar Allan Poe. Even that sanest man of genius, Goethe, confessed to Eckermann hat in the moments of his creative energy here was something "incommensurable, omething without himself that played upon the keyboard of his captive spirit. He quoted Sperates and his Domon as an illustration of his own case.

Is it then to be wondered at after witness iag Mr. Mansfield's Brutus that we recognized in his impersonation many traits of an intellect unhinged? The noblest Roman of them all is neither a swashbuckler nor yet a frozen symbol of classicism. He has affections. He has passions. He lives and noves; but the sickly aura of the mononaniac envelops his personality. He tabs Cæsar for an idea; the idea of liberty. He is the first Anarch-for, as Shaw neatly points out. Shakespeare created this type of he Girondin nearly two centuries before it talked ominously across the map of Europe. On the stage this sublimated patriotism is magnificent; ye' we must not lose sight of ts beginnings; and Shakespeare takes care that we do not. From the first seeds of revolt sewn by the shallow, ambitious Casius, to the dagger thrust in the Capitol, the mental operations of Brutus are exposed in a masterly manner. To carry within him the germs of lunacy a man need not rave, need not rend passion to rags. The mania of melancholy, the madness of one who hears interior voices telling him to free his country, are not expressed violently Such as are thus afflicted are reserved, cauious, move as in hypnotic slumber, and after the tragic act retire to their gloomy dreams, satisfied, spent. Brutus practically confesses that his hour has struck, that life henceforward is a blank interim. declares that he did not-then between the

If Mr. Mansfield did not model his perormance on this hypothesis-and he openly intention of his own preconceived idea and its execution a hiatus has occurred. He told Mr. J. I. C. Clarke in a recent interview that his notion was the classic one, et cetera. It does not thus appear before the footnights, and this again demonstrates that

an artist is not always his own best critic. Mr. Mansfield declares that a criticism s, after all, only one man's opinion; to which might be retorted that an actor's interpretation is, in the last analysis, only one man's conception of a rôle. All this is wildly misleading. Criticism is ever personal; it does not pretend to voice popular opinion-heaven help it if it did! And it need not agree with contemporary criticism to return its value. The best of criticism is subjective, is impressionistic. It is never final; there never was and never will be an ultimate tribunal of criticism in this fleeting world of change, where everything from ethics to politics-and what a chasm divides them!-is relative, where the one thing permanent is impermanency may put forth our view of the Mansfieldian Brutus; of course, he will not agree with us. for to few artists is given the divine privilege of seeing their performance objectively. And so the merry war begun

aeons before Aristotle will continue till

Gabriel blows his final trump and then the

Henderson of that remote period will shake

off his cerements and cry aloud-the last

criticism by the last man-"Thou hast

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MARIETTA HOLLEY

(SAMANTHA ALLEN)

Derivate to Limite I will state the resident to the state of the state

sagged in thy intenation, O son of the Apocalypse!" To criticise is human.

The reason why men and women of all interest the terrible drama of noble roul battling with madness they are to be found in all literatures - se leave to the psycholo gists. Possibly buried in the abysmal depths of our sul-consciousners-the true arbiter of our destines there lurks a terror that the hard-won victory of mind over may, crime and madness are the two big natural themes that the masters of art company. juggle with-Shakespeare the most won-

There may be recommended a sound treatise by Enrico Ferri, professor of the University of Rome, a Roman Deputy and now at the "Universite Nouvelle de Bruxelles." It is ettitled "Les Crimitels dats l'Art et la Littérature," and it is more thorough and more subtle than any of the decorative theories of Loudroso or Norday. After an enumeration of the mad folk of the classic writers he considers at length the three great types of criminal madness in Shakespeare: Macbeth, criminal born; Hamiet, criminal-mad: Othello, criminal through passion. Naturally, the words criminal and mad do not com ote the popular meanings ascribed to them. These superb, disordered minds are not to be confused with the inmates of lucatic asy lums, any more than the bridgest, critical writings of his youth are to be confounded

Nietzsche's later half-crazy lucubrations. Altogether the subject is an interesting one, if a deflection from the main line of dramatic criticism. Turgenev objected the excessive preoccupation with themes of this sort, accusing his great contempo rary, Dostlewsky, of making too many 'psychological mole-runs" in his novels The same anxious inquirer alluded to at the beginning of these notes also asked us who and what was Dostlewsky. To answer this question is not within our allotted province: reference was made to him only in connection with a dramatization of his extraordinary novel, "Crime and Punishment," undertaken for Richard Mansfield some years ago by Charles Henry Meltzer Called "Rodion the Student," it was enacted at the Garrick Theatre, and few of us are likely to forget Mr. Mansfield's fourth act,

with its haunting horror. This mime has an especial predilection for the delineation of morbid and diseased souls. Whether he exhibits the dual personality of Jekyll and Hyde-Stevenson was evidently cognizant of the phenomena called "double, or alternating, ; e sonality" or tie mad sensuality of the Baron Cherrial. or the vaporings of the decadent Nero, Mansfield always sounds clearly the note of mania, not a pleasant one, evocative as it is of the shudder. And in the works of Shakespeare there is still a mine for the curious or the earnest student of the pathologic in dramatic literature

We are informed by cable that D'An nunzio, emulative of Wagner's success, has written a play founded on "Siegfried. It is to be called "Sigismondo." Duse will produce it at the Costanzi, Rome, next spring. By no stretch of the imagination an we fancy her as Brunnhilde

The theatrical week in this city will not go down in history as one distinguished for actly what Hauptmann would have us novelties. One production, "The Cava- infer from the suicide of the husband we lier," at the Criterion, but underlined the fact that Julia Marlowe is an actress of rare has proved that two artistic souls do not gifts, apart from any consideration of her always beat as one; that the same roof may charming personality. She is the chief not harbor peacefully two prima-donnasattraction in a weak-kneed adaptation of Mr. Cable's novel—an adaptation, let it be skin of every male artist; prick his vanity said in justice to Mr. Paul Kester and his and you come upon it. Dr. Vockerat had a associate, finished in a few weeks. This lovely wife, a loving mother and -- presumkind of hurried theatrical dressmaking ably-a loving child. But they counted as does not drape itself gracefully on the naught when the elective affinity appeared-

shapely shoulders of Miss Marlowe. She is worthier of a better play. Let her revive "Romeo and Juliet" for the holidays and she will throng the theatre nightly. ages, all climes, watch with consuming The eternally youthful music of Shakespeare would fit well in the scheme of Christ-

Mr. Creston Clarke successfully revived his admirable Hamlet at the Murray Hill and Mr. Willard still delights his large audiences at the Garden with "The Cardinal. matter, of the intellect over the powers of | Herr Heinrich Conried gave us on Tuesday brute darkness, is an unstable one, that Von Moser's laughter-breeding comedy our primeval ancestors' passions and mad- "Der Bureaukrat," and later in the week Buddha to yesterday's newly hatched consciousness, to be released by the press mark his courage!-Sunderman's powerful healer of woes, physical and spiritual. It is sure of circumstance, and may transform us play "Die Ehre" will be heard in the "Grosses Sacred Concert." We know that it will be well sung by his excellently trained

tion Gerhart Hauptmann's "Einsame Menschen," which was amply discussed after its performance by Mr. Sargent's promising pupils at the Empire Theatre, where it was given last Friday afternoon under the title of "Lonely Lives." "Lonely Livers" would have been more to the point. Played without the sentimentality that palls and in a brisker fashion, this careful study of morbid sensibility and vanity might prove of interest to an audience, fit and few. The problem posed is the loneliness of the intellectual man in his household, and Hauptmann gives as a companion portrait the consequent loneliness of the wife whose con cerns are with her child and her domestic duties. The man is full of the ill-suppressed. irritable egotism of a brain-worker; his writings, he thinks, should be of paramount interest to his spouse. To complicate the situation he is a free thinker. H.s wife, like his parents, is an ardent pietist. The clash is inevitable. To them enters the woman who sympathizes, an emancipated soul. She becomes dangerously interested in the pursuits of the young husband, and his bruised, restless temperament appeared by her sympathetic advice finds her absence insupportable. As a human document the piece is valuable; constructively viewed it is too long drawn out and con-

tains too many speeches. That fourth act with the girl student of the piano-stool talking hifalutin' philosophy and the philandering husband dving to kiss the hem of her robe is too much even for the nerves of his stage mother who, not without cause, thinks that the lamp might have been lighted sooner.

Miss Mahr [he Russian student]: "Ti es are, indeed, great times in which we ar living. It seems as if something close and oppressive were gradually lifting off from Do you not agree with me, Doctor Voctora ?

John lendeavoring not to eat his beard! In what way?"

Miss Anna fregarding stonily the audiencel: "On one side a stifling dread was mastering us: on the other, a gloomy fanaticism. The excessive strain seems now to be straightened. Something like breath of fresh air, let us say, from the wentieth century, has come upon us." John fumbles hopelessly his good inten-

The above dialogue was written in 1891 when doubtless the twentieth century seemed very promising to the young drama ist. Yet it is as futile now as the day i was written, futile and unfit for dramati purposes.

Alphonse Daudet in his "Wives of Artists handled the same subject with luminous understanding and literary brilliancy. Excannot say. The larger experience of life and there is a prima-donna belieath the

The Woman who Flatters. She is a more potent agent in the destruction of the home than fifty distilleries, and she is quite in vincible when she declares that she loves the wife better than the husband. This grand renunciation always leads either to an elopement or a suicide. Hauptmann prefers the latter method of univing an intolerable dramatic knot. Perhaps he i right-he rids the globe of a man perverted by the delirium of self-contemplation. JAMES HUNEKER.

OPERA IN GERMANY.

Public Taste There and in New York Much Allke, Apparently.

in Germany must be similar to that of the Metropolitan's patrons, judging from the statistics recently made public. "Lohengrin" is now about the most popu-

lar opera with New Yorkers. It has certainly become better liked, to the prejudice of "Faust," in recent years. Even when Jean de Reszke returned here two years ago and was assisted with some of the most popular performers of Gounod's opera ts old-time success was not renewed.

"Lohengrin." on the other hand, growever more popular here. Last year this opera of Wagner's was sung in Germany 997 times. "Carmen." which is also well liked here, had the same number of per-

formances. Wagner's opera has long held the first place, but such popularity for Bizet's opera was unprecedented. It gained last year twenty performances, while "Lohengrin twenty performances, while "Lohengrin" gained only three. So at this rate Bizet may beat Wagner in his own country. It is consoling to know that Wagner admired "Carmen" so much.

During the last operatic year "Tannhauser" had 288 performances, "Cavalleria Rusticana," 2.9. "Der Freischütz," 243; "Il Trovatore," 2:8: "Mignon," 228; "Faust," 2:12;" Der Fliegende Hollander, "194, an increase of 40 over the preceding year:

"Faust, "212;" Der Fliegende Holländer," 194; an increase of 40 over the preceding year; "Martha," 190, "I Pagliacci, '174; "Il Flauto Magico," 173; "Die Walkure," 162; "Hänsel und Gretl," 156; "Fidedo," 154; "Le Nozze di Figaro," 150; "Die Lustigen Weiber von Windsor," 143; "Die Meistersinger," 138; "Atla," 128; "Der Trompeter von Sackkingen," 114; "La Fille du Regiment," 108; "Il Barbiere di Seviglia," 105; "Das Rheingold," 105; "Don Glovanni," 102; "Les Contes d'Hoffman," 96; "Fra Diavolo," which Mr. Grau is going to revise this year in tes d'Hoffman," 96; "Fra Diavolo," which Mr. Grau is going to revise this year in French, 96; "Siegfried," 89; "Louise," 88; "La Dame Blanche," 87; "Samson et Dalila," 83; "La Juive," 83; "Götterdämmerung," 78; "Le Postillon de Lonjumeau," 73; "Die Versunkene Glocke," 70; "Der Evangelimann," 60; "Rigoietto," 63; "Tristan und Isolde," 59; "La Traviata," 58, "Otello," 57; "Oberon," 56, and "Le Prophète," 55. This list does not include the Lortzerg operas, which were at one time sung more operas, which were at one time sung more frequently in Berlin than those of any other composer, nor the performances given in other languages than German. Frequent performances of "La Traviata" are given in Berlin in Italian at the private

The comparative infrequency of the later Wagner operas is due to the great difficulty of mounting them in the smaller theatres. And these statistics include even the smallest

rman opera houses.

Works like "Tristan und Isolde" and

Works like "Tristan und Isolde" and "Siegfried" are sung in these smaller houses only when artists come there as guests from the larger cities. "Il Trovatore," however, and "Carmen" lie within the powers of almost any company.

It is interesting to note the popularity
of "Mignon," which has entirely disappeared from the repetoire at the Metropoli-

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PLAYBILLS OF THE WEEK.

HEIDELBERG" IN ENGLISH ONE OF THE NEW THINGS.

and a Comic Opera About the Civil War -The Theatres Filled With Tried and Accepted Entertainments, Most of Which Will Stay Here Over Christmas.

Little that is new will be offered this week at the New York playhouses. Most of the theatres are occupied by approved and prosperous entertainments which will remain with us over Christmas, and then there will be a grand dispersal. Among at the Princess and a comic opera at the New York.

"Alt Heidelberg" has been so successful in its German form, both in Berlin and in New York, that the Shuberts have got Aubrey Boucicault to make an English adapt tion which they will present tomorrow night at the Princess Theatre under the name of "Heidelberg." Mr. Boucicault will be the principal actor, as well as the adapter, of this comedy and he will have associated with him Minnie Dupree, Augustus Cook, Morton Selten, Theodore Roberts and other well-schooled actors.

New laurels are heaped nightly on Blanche Bates and her fellow players in "The Darling of the Gods" at the Belasco Theatre. Mr. Belasco is especially desirous that the audience shall be seated before 8 o'clock, when the curtain rises. Some of the most beautiful pictures are among the first.

Julia Marlowe has received a gracious welcome in "The Cavalier," which begins its second week at the Criterion to-morrow night. Charlotte Oliver, the Civil War heroine whom she depicts, gives her a wide range for the display of spirit, tenderness and beauty.

Richard Mansfield's "Julius Cæsar" is trawing to the Herald Square Theatre a throng of those who would love to see Shakespeare thus acted far more often than there is opportunity to do so. It is said that he will produce this play in New York for only this one engagement. Like Cyrano" and "Henry V.," it is too big to be put into his repertoire.

Mr. Willard will give one more week of "The Cardinal" at the Garden Theatre, barring the special Thursday matin e. when "David Garrick will be repeated. His bill for next week will include "The Middleman," "The Professor's Love Story," "Tom Pinch" and "All for Her."

The hearts of N. C. Goodwin and Maxine Elliott have been gladdened by the favorable auspices under which their return to New York has been accomplished at the Knicker-bocker Theatre. In "The Altar of Friend-ship" Mr. Goodwin returns to that form of ship" to omedy in which his friends like best to

James K. Hackett has demonstrated the tramatic quality of "The Crist." at Wallack's, where he is playing to the full ca-pacity of the theatre. It is one of the best and most successful of all the good war drames. Like his wife, Mary Mannering, Mr. Hackett must leave New York in two ceks because he can't get another theatre.

William Faversham has carried "Imprudence" through one triumphant month and enters upon another at the Empire this week. The house is filled at every performance, and the sympathy of the audience with both play and players is generously expressed. A delightful comedy and a rare company.

Ethel Barrymore will remain for two weeks longer at the Savoy, playing widely different parts in "Carrots" and "A Country Mouse," in both of which she is heartily Her three months at the Savoy en all that she and her manager

Mary Mannering also must soon leave us, though she and "The Stubborns